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Born 1959 in Bangladesh is a well-known cultural thinker and an advocate for UNESCO cultural conventions- 2005 in Bangladesh. He holds a Master's degree in Bengali literature from the University of Dhaka. He also completed two academic doctorates in Social development through Mass Media and Effective Popular Communication. He also honored with several Doctorate Honorize Causa and D. Litt. from different eminent cultural institutions and also conferred with KNIGHT Title from an Imperial-Majesty and is titled as 'Shayer- E-Gulistan' poet of the garden by the

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Reciting The Cosmos

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Poems of
Sultan Muhammad Razzak

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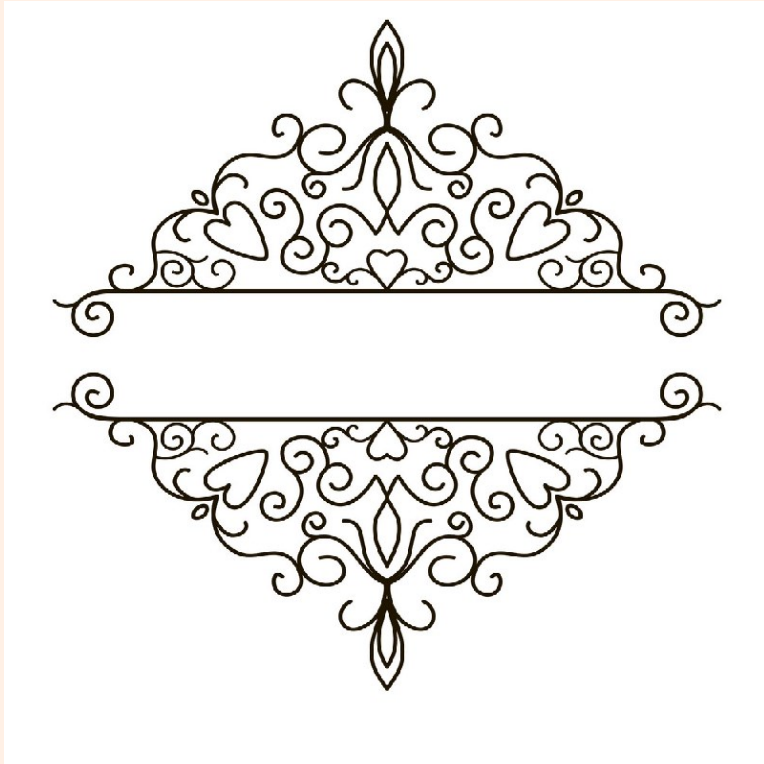
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Exordial

When the sun brings light soaking the sky-
Then the moon says-
Now sleep...
Still spring flowers,
Wait to drop on the grass to dew-bath...
A golden pen filled with blue ink-
So many poetic words are waiting on the horizon of
shadow...
It seems like a magical mixed night,
Maybe, someone's awaited eyes are awake...

Seed

What do you see?
Standing on the shore-
A huge amount of water?
Did you think ever, a scanty part of a drop?
Able to create thousands of oceans?
And you don't feel a drop of your crying,
Or a drop of sweat could-
Cover a long cluster of mountains with ice!

And the dark,
Which covered the whole universe alone.
And you see the Stars burning in space,
Those are the dreams of the dark.
All those like a seed,
Unlimited possibility to be germinated
Again and again and again.....
And you see the enlightened body,
With so many emotions and feelings,
And you know each cell of your body,
Like a seed to create another body like you,
And feel in this universe-
All creations hold dreams of new creations.

Feel, O my body,
How many seeds you are together?
How many creations?

Mind

You don't just see the sky,
Look at the clouds,
Zero, whose playground-
And seven colors in the sun,
You cannot divide those,
It is instantly visible in the vaporous clouds—
That bewitches you like a rainbow.
Do you know-?
You float too!
Your thoughts
It holds a solid layer called soil.

As you forget as children,
How much to talk about-
You don't know,
Your words come across the seven seas-
Passing mountains, forests, deserts, and fields
Like clouds,
If you think,
This is your heart-
A biological device with a fictitious name-
But you are vast-
All within you at the same time-
Or are you inside everyone...?

Dedicated

I am too
In the flock of birds
Like you...
But why do you ask me?
Cut down one wing and be sane
But you did not cut your wings?
But you have discovered-
Two wings give man the freedom of constant flight-
One wing only creates a rotating like a wheel!
What do you want me-?
And you're obedient-
Fly around you-
Whose sky, moon, stars, and clouds-
Nothing but distant magic-

They become target wandering birds
As you wish...

And you blame everyone,
Everyone is sick,
Infecting the world-
And your arrogance and cunning

Write a diagnosis letter for all-
'Birds cut off your one wing and become dedicated'

The sum

Do you know?
You are just like a mixed bag
Nothing else!

Which started with nothing but zero in eternity
That can't be accounted for properly by any math.
And leave the account in the hands of the invisible.

Focus on future mundane numbers
But water and breathing air
Think, how old are those?
Think of the mountain forests,
Think of the sky-
Those your forefathers imagined-

What's so-?
For the past hundreds of billions of years,
You did pray to the sky
And now the people
Seeing the world from the sky-
There is nothing but the sum of what I have said before
And look at life- considering the past
Think you see yourself-
For a long time
From birth or past

Or from birth to death
Or from death to later... more lately-
The sum...
All addition begets the subtraction
Match again in the sum... The sum

The second part of the night

You still ask me...
I hear-
Although I know all the answers,
But you are not worthy to hear all the answers;
Because in your sense-
Not much has been added yet!
And look at your ancestors,
Those who look at the meteors in the sky
Wrote a thousand fables,
And the moon does not matter -
How many poets have found the face of a lover?
I am speaking about the second of the night,
When the universe flows through the *Kalavati melody-
And the water of the river dances on a beautiful gesture
I know you've never seen that-
And that melody and gesture are not familiar to you!

How many of your poems about the night,
But do you know what the night is?
But I am talking about the night, at the moment of midnight-
Remember, the night is the same light-
A different light in the dark-
Thick boy so dark say-
And take a look inside your body,
What is there besides the dark-a different light?
One without light
Wonderful light!
And with the melodious tune-
Midnight melody!

The arcade

These lines are only for them
 The sky, the soil, and the forest make them think.
 And those who can fly like a cloud,
 Keeping beside their thoughts of daily lives-
 They can fly like clouds.

And whose tears of sorrow
 Like a glass of a telescope
 Brings the distant future closer.

And they see,
 How many people collect things in the bag
 Without sewing?
 They don't know what they have collected-
 Almost all fell on the way.

Thinkers know,
 Moments, thoughts, and words about their lives-
 Everything falls by the wayside,
 Towards the unknown and nothingness-
 The emptiness and the unknown- they call death.
 But everything is organized with only two arches-
 The birth-
 Death -
 And birth and death
 And
 The birth

Unheard

The sky and sea
 Is it just for your poetry?
 The days you left behind-
 Being a cloud in solitude,
 And sad rain,
 Or the dark memories of the storm and flood?
 Don't you think that-
 Floating clouds fly in the ocean,
 Or you can say-
 Floating clouds sleep in the sea.
 And all the strange things inside their dreams,
 Flowers, fruits, forests, mountains, and deserts -
 and you-
 Birds of love, love, and sadness,
 People of melodious life.
 And don't think you are like a person inside a mirror,
 Everyone around you is like a mirror.
 What you see with two eyes - inanimate or inanimate
 And all is song and sorrow
 Lives by singing
 And song and laugh and cry
 In sound and tone
 Something comes to their ears
 And everything remains unheard
 Float and sink on the
 Clouds and a sea!
 Do not know that, unheard sound
 Is that the music of life?

Aspiration for peace

I am not telling a prehistoric story,
 I am not saying when people stood upright,
 On the shore of some sea,
 Or on a mountain peak,
 Or in a deep forest,
 Or at the foot of a volcano.
 I speak today standing in this 21st century,
 From my kite-flying memories,
 I flew the James Webb telescope into the distant sky,
 And my kids play with drones every day-
 And our heart has become a conscientious telescope.
 I am not talking about any racism,
 I am not talking about any religion,
 Or any language,
 Or about the rich and the poor,
 Or about any nation,
 I am not talking about any country or continent,
 I only talk about people-the human beings.
 How much light is shining from the earthen lamp?
 How many colors and names of that lamp,
 However, a single-color lamp is needed now.
 Name the lamp is peace!
 What else do you want in this twenty-first century?
 Tell me, man...!

Mother Teresa

People sometimes,
 See the future-
 First, let's talk about Niccolo and Drana Bayazu
 Mother Teresa's parents;
 Her father named her after her birth
 Agnis Ganja Bojazhiu-
 Ganja word meaning the bud of a rose!
 This girl's way to grow up,
 Slowly the petal began to open,
 Like a rose.
 It develops slowly
 And spread its fragrance
 Around of it.
 Her father Nicolo's words become true!
 It is as if the roses have developed.
 She opens and spreads down her kind heart,
 Like a mother,
 And hundreds of children,
 Got mother's love-
 See, after the world
 Someone has to be a mother
 Mother of a thousand orphans...
 Mother Teresa left a trail
 The light is on the way
 Let's go that way
 How many orphans are still around the world?
 In search of peace and love-

Nelson Mandela

What a lucky person am I,
 I got a scope to meet "Xhosa" in Barcelona.
 And shook hands with him.
 I have never experienced such soft hands,
 Except for another famous person
 He was Sheikh Mujibur Rahman!
 The undisputed leader of Bengal,
 Call of his magical revolutionary voice
 A country became independent.
 And if I talk about the movement of colors in this world,
 I name with a great scream from the top of the Himalayas
 To the world - "Xhosa" - "Xhosa" - "Xhosa" -
 He was the leader of a revolutionary of the anti-apartheid
 movement in South Africa
 Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela!
 When the whole world is suffering from the roots of apart-
 heid,
 That man raised his magical hand to the people of the world,
 We are human too.....
 We are also sweated in the mind of merit,
 Bloomed flowers in this world, lit the light for humanity!
 And those racist anti-humanists,
 Extinguished the movement in the past,
 They go down forever,
 And Nelson Mandela's lamp is being lit,
 This light has spread from country to country,
 The soft gentle light of humanity,
 Throughout the world today...!

Splendid

The day and night of your past,
 How many words are hidden there?
 How many pictures,
 How many touches and memories,
 How much love and shame,
 How many tears and how many songs
 How many nights of a spring garden!
 Everything is washed away in the darkness,
 Some words, some songs, some insults,
 It remains in my soul,
 And remains within the soul,
 And some remain in his silver crown,
 Some remain in some of his golden cauldrons,
 Sigh,
 Sad,
 Pride,
 Sadness,
 Tears,
 Idle moments,
 Sad dreams,
 Forget why,
 O man-
 They are also your golden glory.

The Roots

You are like a stupid farmer,
Just thinking-

A tree spreads its roots in the ground
Grows and survives.
On its vines or branches,
Green leaves and flowers,
Everything seems to have been inside the soil for a long time
And moving leaves,
A spring's resonance deep in all the soil.
Clouds sky and moon sunlight,
And colorless wind or dusty storms,
All are silent neighbors.

But you walk on the ground—
You breathe the song of the falling leaves,
Fly in the silvery sky on a lonely night-
Wake up like a river of rainy days.

When the hilltop called,
That was your first dream-
And the river that flows slowly inside the forest,
A swarm of ants in his boat of floating leaves
Teaches you how to walk!

Another breath of joy,
This body of yours is not your home,
It's a pleasure journey in your life,

And your body in the afternoon sun,
Shining like gold,
A world full of cells,
Like a single verse of a poem.

All invisible writings -
Roots -
Everywhere-
You are not the one
Just single like a stupid farmer!

Lonely player

Why only me?
You are a hypocrite too.
Alone
Just like a child
Playing alone
Within gentle light

Tell me dear,
How many people listen to the music of the world?
How many people see deeply?
How many people understand shadows within the
light?
And the light inside the shadow.
Tell me how many people understand,
Time is the name of a light-
On his way divided into moments.

Shadows come in groups,
And the group left!
Sun and clouds-
River and forest-
Moonlit and mountain songs,
Fascinates each other,
What else do they have to say?

Oh, lonely friend!
I know you are with your project!
But listen to me,
Much has been said-
All have been written on the stones.
Animal skin, on tree bark and leaves.
Every word went silent after talking.
The words,
All words,
Washed away,
In the dust,
In the rain!
And under the wheel of time...

The soil

When I am absorbed in meditation
You ask...

Listen,

A tree grows in this soil
From a seed

Which -

The ground beneath your feet

Nurturing like a mother

Was an orphan seed

And then it sprouted

To become a tree!

Did you observe?

It's sapling time

Its youth

And the time of its death?

Have you seen it?

How many leaves decorated that tree?

And how many flowers have bloomed

And in return just to nurture

The seed was given back

How many flowers

How many leaves!

The soil receives it

Offering back more

Love

For whom?

And do you know what

The story of clouds in the sky?

Steam rises in tiny aqueducts

Yet trees and crops

Like breastfeeding

And more

How many more tales?

That kindness

You can also find-

Before asking the sky

First, look under your feet!

Dark

And did you think
About the deep sea
That has protected
A spinning fireball?
Which is a tiny part of the eternal dark!

And did you think?
You see-above head
The blue sky-enlightened
And dazzle stars
Those are in the cave of dark
They were-not that
To date, all those are in the dark!

And you too
Till in dark
May some burning create some delusions?
You think
You are enlightened in full!

And see
How does a fire live on
You may know
Not only the high sea
A drop of dew
I the time sunrise

A great feeling of heart
Or
Covering the fog
Or
The floating clouds with water
All those are holding fire
In the heart!

And your knowledge
Nothing but a process of division
That prevents you to feel
What is dark?
The eternal dark
That
Beyond your dream and imagination...

They only know to love.

I thought,
The world is flowing in different waves,
Through the window of my room,
In daylight,
In the darkness of the night,
As the running wind,
As the running clouds,
With the scent of flowers,
With the song of the birds.
If I am confused at any time,
Everything in my house goes to messed up.
Tranquility is first in one's own house.
When I dreamt a dream,
If I am lying under the sky,
Then the stars of the galaxy walk with the moon,
And they sing a song of tranquility,
And the whole house is like my mother,
As if I am in my mother's arms,
All stars sing me to sleep,
They tell the story of the world,
They tell about,
The soil,
The moon,
The river,
The sea,

The mountain,
The forest,
The fountain,
The flowers,
The bird,
The rain,

About the fragrance of flowers,
So many ways they are giving us love,
They don't know anything else
Without love.
I used to see them with my eyes,
And though all they are outside of me,
Today suddenly I felt
They all are like breaths
Flowing inside my body
Giving only love silently!
For our tranquility and peace.

Moment

The broken night
Dried river
Sadden clouds
Moonlit with rain
Silent Mountain
And the eyes with lovely whistling.

How strange
Magic remains in words
Fantastic magical night, magical day
And love remains leafs
And on the path
And when we remain aside with pride
The mind became wild fall
When we hear lovely talking.

Flowers have fragrance too
Like unfold clothes
Grasses have wings
Mind has memories
Like Hizal tree
Shivering in winter
Become draught
Catch by the storm
Sink in water
Magical Hizal tree
Awake till then
When I sank
In your eyes...

The letter

Dear Legacy,
At the beginning of the 21st century,
I am writing a letter to you again!
I wrote the first letter on the wall of the mountain cave,
I wrote the second letter on a papyrus leaf,
I wrote the third letter on a clay tablet,
My fourth letter had engraved on the stone,
I wrote the fifth letter on a palm leaf,
My sixth letter had written on paper with a pen.
I am writing the seventh letter today,
On the mobile phone screen,
Through Google Speaker.
I wrote the first letter about hunting,
I wrote the second letter about dreams,
I wrote the third letter about love,
I wrote the fourth letter about fairy tales,
I wrote the fifth letter about the sea and mountains,
I wrote the sixth letter about the sky, clouds, and soil.
I am writing the seventh letter today,
About satellites, planets, and galaxies.
No, I will not write a list here,
I made a rough map of the sky,
I left it for you.
And for you,
A few interstellar laboratories-
I created on space.
Moreover, I left them for you,

Some more mechanical and organic
 Discovery data.
 We have learned about DNA mixing,
 Have learned the process of Nano division,
 We understood gravitational force,
 We know the path of mass-less space.
 We are used to flying in space now,
 The flight of birds is old to us
 Adventure to the mountains and the sea are old stories.
 And the same- forest and desert expeditions.
 You know, the moonlit night is still my favorite,
 However, I do not want to write more poems about the
 moon,
 Because you will laugh-
 You will think, how emotional homo-sapience was!
 Indeed,
 Clouds, monsoon, moon, river, flower, bird, grass, and sky,
 These were our resources!
 Behold, oh my future inheritance,
 Ancient mythology has become science today.
 Emotions, exhilaration on the verge of reality,
 On the way of daily discoveries,
 All old knowledge has become a dead river.
 Sometimes I think,
 Are people's emotional minds becoming a desert?
 Or is knowledge more flourishing in science?
 Sophia
 That first artificial intelligence woman,
 What would she be named in the future?

Artificial Eve - or something else?
 I will not enlarge the letter,
 I knew,
 When I ignite the fire first,
 Then you will create an artificial sun,
 And there will be no such thing as the night on earth.
 And the dark side of the moon will be the harvest field.
 The day I was able to float dry leaves in the wind first,
 That day I understood,
 You will be able to fly across the galaxy.
 The day I was in the mountain cave,
 And I had drawn pictures of hunting,
 I understood then,
 The sky is going to open like a book to you.
 My dear legacy-
 Today stands on the edge of the twenty-first century
 I am going to leave the eternity for you -
 Eternal life,
 Eternal love,
 Eternal knowledge.

The wing

I asked him,
 Why didn't you bless me with wings?
 Like angels...!
 Since my childhood,
 Seeing the kite in the remote sky,
 Asked,
 Why didn't you bless me with wings?
 You give wings to the birds,
 But I'm a human being
 The most beloved creation of you,
 Why didn't you bless me with wings?
 I asked this question everywhere,
 Forest, mountain, river, sea, desert,
 Clouds, rain, winter, scorching day,
 and the moonlit nights
 All of the above are witnesses to my request.
 I did not get any response,
 now I am sure
 he will never answer me...
 After a long time,
 I often dream
 I am flying alone
 In the Milky Way and Andromeda...
 on a raft
 Wingless.

Soliloquy

I look at myself,
 I say to myself!
 How much did you burn yourself in the past few days?
 How much fragrance did you breathe in the days behind?
 How many steps did you imprint on the earth?
 How many times did you take a bath in the rain?
 Did you ever think about the humans and other creatures around you?
 Did you think about the mountains?
 You learned determination for life from those.
 And rivers taught me about the speed of life.
 And the clouds?
 You have learned sympathy from them.
 And you,
 From the very beginning of the fetus till to your end,
 Consuming everything,
 The air, the light, and the crops and the creatures-
 And every cell of your body debt to them.
 Did you express your thanks and gratitude to them?
 Those are developing you from animal to human.
 Oh, my soul, I remind you, did you forget?
 All around you are kind and great.
 Do you feel?

Avatar

In ancient Greece, during the Hellenic period-
 I was born in a remote village.
 That time, to the great Zeus,
 And to the god Apollo,
 I prayed every day;
 Oh god,
 Please grant me powerful muscles to break stones.
 I was born on Saturday,
 How many times have I been to Saturn's temple,
 I prayed there with offerings,
 oh god,
 Grant me the boon of a great warrior,
 So that the reputation of former great warriors-
 I can leave beyond.
 And at the temple of Zeus,
 I asked for a boon by praying with cash coins!
 I saw in the night sky then,
 Moving stars in the night sky,
 My ancestors told me-
 look at those,
 Floating temples in the sky like temples on earth-
 Where the gods live!
 I used to pray,
 I am a human, Oh my gods,
 I don't have wings like angels-

How could I take the offerings to the sky-
 In your sky temple?
 In the Trojan War,
 I became killed!
 I got no boon in that life,
 A god in my muscles,
 Didn't get the strength to break stones,
 No god blessed me,
 As a great warrior,
 I didn't get cleverness and courage.
 I feel,
 I took many more births,
 In the past.
 I don't remember how many times.
 Where was I born in this birth?
 I don't want to mention it..
 Now I am Astronaut by profession,
 I work in a space station in the sky!
 I live in the sky,
 Didn't find any God's temple,
 Zeus nor Apollo,
 No others else!
 But I pray,
 I do not know- to whom!
 Telling myself- oh my soul...
 The infinite emptiness of the sky,
 Let it be a field of various crops and peace for humanity...
 And all dead people
 Let them be born as Avatar again!

Bethlehem-1

When I expressed my desire,
 I want to visit Bethlehem!
 You smile and said,
 You could go to the past and the future,
 Both paths are open,
 One path carries the footprints of a human caravan,
 The other one is waiting for human footprints of open time
 travel.
 Both Paths covered many fables and magic's.
 You said let's go,
 Then keep in mind...
 King Herod was carrying out an indescribable massacre;
 It was a brutal time of bloodshed.
 And civilization is nothing but an experience of merciless
 time.
 Look, that place of Bethlehem,
 A straw-made shanty structure,
 For animals and shepherds.
 Under the shed...
 Where there were some sheep,
 There were few camels,
 They were on the ground,
 There were few shepherd
 Above the head, there were a group of angels,
 And few sages came there,

 Seeing a new bright star above the sky.
 And they all were singing a song together for a newborn ba-
 by.

Because they knew -this baby would ignite a new torch
 For the future of humanity.
 It was night and the desert was cold,
 That star was in the straw in an earthen container,
 The great history of humanity started here.
 Think, history could be started from anywhere!
 The world had got a teacher of humanistic civilization,
 But we all realized this after being
 crucified as a great teacher.
 See, enlightenment here and there,
 On the path from the unwritten past,
 Despite all this, we are blind to date.
 On the way back to my home from Bethlehem,
 I saw King Herod dead on the path,
 And Jesus, His knowledge and speech,
 Imprinted with lights.
 Did you enlightened
 After walking so far?
 I responded, yes! A path,
 That started in Bethlehem
 And going towards the sky!
 Yes,
 The sky is waiting for the footprints
 Of the Caravan of people...
 That started in Bethlehem...

Bethlehem-2

Come on,
 Along the way...
 I have some words to talk to you!
 You saw the death of Herod,
 Have you seen anything else?
 In that straw shed of Bethlehem,
 have you seen,
 Who were there?
 At the time of Jesus' birth?
 You just have seen-
 Angels,
 And those sages,
 Where is no one else there?
 Those shepherds?
 And those creatures?
 A flock of sheep?
 A few camels?
 A few donkeys?
 A few cows?
 Many more-
 Those represent all the creatures of this world!
 And dry grass,
 They also represent,
 All of the trees and plants of this world!
 And night-
 Represent the day!

and the coolness of the night,
 That also represented the desert!

And dew,
 They represent all clouds and rain!
 They also took part in a welcoming song
 At the moment of Jesus' birth with others,
 Why?
 They also said in the song,
 O Star - You are not just for humans...
 you are us too
 All of us who live on earth...
 And dry grass,
 They also represent,
 All of the trees and plants of this world!
 And night-
 Represent the day!
 and the coolness of the night,
 That also represented the desert!
 And dew,
 They represent all clouds and rain!
 They also took part in the welcome song
 At the moment of Jesus' birth with others,
 Why?
 They also said in the song,
 O Star - You are not just for humans...
 you-
 All of us too
 Those we live on earth...

Bethlehem-3

O dear poet,
I answered yes.
Then you started talking.
You have spent many barren nights,
But you had nights,
For thought-
And
to write.
And the flying birds of the south,
Made their feathers float,
To be your pen to write,
When a flock of birds flies from their hunting ground
to the north.
And all jungles on earth said,
We will all surrender to the wildfire,
And we'll turn to ashes in the sea,
To be ink for your pen.
Me and you then
Crossing the desert path under the moon.
You said,
From ancient Bethlehem to 2023,
One is the geographical location of the soil and the other is
the time
And you don't know-
Time and space and how they are combined!

And music is played for you,
For seven days after the 25th,
Since His arrival,
That you may be humane in the days to come,
Remain to open your chest for others to hug,
And for the well-being of neighbor creatures,
and for trees,
And for the sea hills,
and for the stars and constellations.
And if you love them-
They will all honor you with heaven!
And you do not know that heaven is in their hands
who are your neighbors...

Fog

In this dense fog
In desolate solitude
Look at yourself
Dear wild bird.
I'm not saying to
Recite any classical poem-
On a sunny afternoon,
Or a night under a full moon
Or storm-ravaged forests
On a lonely beach
That is written on the body of the poem
Seven notes of the tune.
I say
O my favorite wild bird
In this dense fog
In desolate solitude
Look at yourself.
I look at me
When did the body disappear?
In the white fog
All the trees in the world
Oceans, rivers, mountains,
Those were around me-
In thick fog
Where all they were lost.

I lost my eyes too
There is only a sense of sight.
My sky filled with night
And the milky way of stars
Clouds on a moonlit night
And the dream bird...
Did all sink?
The anchoring space has sunk
And all the seasons...!

Comparison

When I asked you,
Say something about psychology-
About humans and other animals

You smiled and replied,
During the lifetime of all animals
They experience many situations!!

I say what is then new again?
You said nothing new
All are ancient!

People forget compassion and love-
And
Disappointment, pride, dissatisfaction, hatred-
Arranges in layers!

And the other animal
Preserves in their memory
only compassion and love!
They forget disappointment, pride, dissatisfaction, and hatred!
As you said,
People lost happiness long ago
And nested in the mind
A strange psychological disorder...

It's name—yes, you can say-
Syndrome of forgetting happiness!

Staying together

Wherever I look
Everyone says I am like you
On the wrong path...

Trees, desert moon, or night
River or crop field
and forests
They say so are we
An aimless traveler like you!

We call our suffering
We drop away seeds, trees, or children along the way-
That is our problem,
And we forgot to be together.
And the moon and the stars
Those who have been there for a long time
They say,
Did you see-
Age is written on the bark of the tree,
And so the soil also has layers,
And in the mountains,
And on your body,
Experience is also accumulated there-
And look at the five fingers of the right and left hand-
Thumb says I am with you
And all the neighbors
Index, middle, ring, and little fingers.

The index finger says all the animals around you
Middle says as many leaves around you
Ring finger says as many rivers, seas, and clouds around you
Little says mountains, sky, and clouds
We are the passengers together...
And the motto is
Save everyone to save yourself
Is called survival
living together
What you call humanity.

A cherished lie

I often
I see to my past
That is the way I came here!
Rural path, laying bricks, black pitch or concrete
Or raft, boat, or ship
The memory of flying a kite
I didn't know I have flown myself
Far away with that!
I am a total failure as a farmer
I have planted roses several times all my life
Not a single flower bloomed.
Yet over time
Many branches like a dream tree
Sprouted from my mind-
I often
I see to my past
That is the way I came here!
on the way
Storm, tide, lightning
Darkness and fierce fire
How many memories are still lying around
The blocked way
There is no way to back!
But everyone cherished a lying in heart
You too—and you too my friends—
Oh, if I could go back!

The dreams have to leave!

Hearing sad sounds around
I am
Surprised!

There is nothing here
Without sad words!

Soil told me
sorry!
I can't give you more paths to walk.
Sun- it also said
You've got a lot of sunrises and sundown
How much more do you want?

Moon says didn't I give you-
Thousands of moonlit nights?
A traffic jam of human caravans beyond birth...
I have to keep the silver light for them!

I replied...
Though my eyes are a bit gray
But dreams are still shining in my eyes

I want to walk more paths-
Want to be sunburnt
Becoming a poem of moonlit
Becoming a poem in the rain

Becoming a poem of waves in the sea
Becoming a poem of flowers and birds together with the sky
I will recite
In your eyes
Where feelings of love are written

sorry!
The dreams have to leave!

Death

Did I forget?
could not remember
Did I forget all?
some words,
or rain
or some autumn cloud,
Did I forget everything?

I couldn't remember anything-
sleep-
Or a kite in the sky,
Or a colorful thread spool
or a game
or some song
Did I forget?

I could not remember anything
sun burnt clouds
or the beautiful feet of a beautiful woman'
Or torn rose petals
Or two intoxicated eyes
who-
Did I forget everything?

I could not remember anything
Only I could remember
i am dead
in a dream
golden hands

Migratory birds

At the beginning of winter,
foggy night-
A flock of migratory birds-
Feathers flutter in the clouds!
I sat on the balcony at that time - sleepless;
The fragrance of bell flowers was singing all around.

I didn't know where they were flying,
From Northern Hemisphere to South-
Or from the south to the north!
i knew
They maintained arrowheads in a pattern,
When they were flying together;
And one was a young bird leading the line,
in rhythmic tones,
And the other birds were singing,
same tune-
Their wings were flapping.

I felt deeply,
Like one of them in the middle row-
I was a migratory bird like them!
The moon of my youth has fallen,
The sun is the same!
Once upon a time I was an arrowhead,
And lead a flock of birds.

Alas!

The storm of muscles weakened,
Like thin air which is not enough-
To keep floating a dead fallen leaf!
I hear the sound of the flapping of birds
The flocks' cackle;

All my feathers went out one by one,
Leave in me only the desire of flying.

Dying and dreams

How would I erase the river?
Every moment,
I thought,
That momentary dying of me,
Witness by night.
Night told me last,
I was born,
Like you,
Every moment!
We are all dying-
Like the pulse through beats-
like breathing in-
Like the breath out.
I asked the river,
Where are my dreams?
River replied,
They are in my heart-
I am crossing now a desert!
I ask if you died in the sand!
She replied,
Then they will be born as grass-
With small flowers and dreams.

Woman

I grip the handrail firmly,
 I'm on the visitor's side of Niagara Falls,
 Where the furious wind sprays water like smoke,
 And I'm completely drenched from head to toe.
 All individuals who were railing with me
 Have gone to a safe distance
 After being drenched in the severe wind.
 I close my eyes and grip the railing firmly.
 I rejoiced as I observed the storm, the sound of the Niagara
 River's cascading waters,
 And the thunder of the ominous clouds.
 A river was born inside the storm, and it laughed and said, "I
 am Dudhkumar.
 And on the other hand, someone is laughing and saying,
 I am Irrawati...
 I drifted - I will drift through the mountains, forests, and
 fields.
 Niagara,
 My beloved woman
 I gripped the handrail firmly.
 My feet were soaked from head to toe.
 I tightly gripped the railing while being drenched in the gusty
 wind
 And the rain that was falling on my head.

I can see mountains behind me,
 Followed by a thick forest,
 *Thena desert,
 And then a saltwater body of water.
 Then darkness.
 I don't know where I'm going beyond that.
 Niagara-
 O, most noble woman-
 Your address is unchanged from before.
 You are here- in the name of *Dudkumar,
 In the disguise of *Irrawati....
 In the name of farmlands..
 In the name of rose gardens
 Or like a starry night.
 I grab onto the railing hard as the wind buffets me
 And the rain pelts me on the head.
 I am aware of the mountains behind me.
 Next comes a deep forest,
 Followed by deserts,
 Next salty oceans,
 Next to richly water colored blues,
 And last deep in black dark.
 Beyond that point, I have no address.
 My sole address is you,
 Immortal lady.
 Poems about love in a garden.

*Irrawati river

*Dudkumar river

Are you okay?

What do you think about me?
I realize everything-
In the last hours of the night
When I remain at the west open window
In the dark horizon of the sky
I see the tired moon -
Then you ask, hiding your fear
Are you ok?
I give a reply with an affirmative sound-Hum!
When I sit in the atrium by the flower tub
Beside the lonely jasmine flowers
Night then walks toward the west gate
Morning peeps in the east window
You hide your suspicious fear with a sigh
Last night I fell asleep
In a deep dream
On the seashore
The sound of breaking waves of the tide
Like I was listening to seven tunes
I was singing a love song with those
You asked nervously with a gentle push
are you ok?
In the rain
When I sit in the solitude
And sank in the music of raindrops
Then you ask, hiding your suspicions...
are you ok?

My reply...Hum
Then I sink into a flashback
one day
The rickshaw pulls off the hood
You and me
Becoming both drenched in heavy rain
And we are getting wet on
People running on both sides
And all the light posts are like flower gardens-
In the lightning, the sky becomes dust
But never runs out of our ways
What do you doubt about me
I realize...
But I am happy...

Neanderthal

Yesterday at the barbershop,
In decorated surrounding mirrors
I found in the shining light
A Neanderthal man.
I am surprised-
Not yet extinct, that human species!
Although anthropologist's opinions,
Different species are still found by digging in the soil,
The structure of the skulls, jaws, and bones are evidence,
Millions of years ago they were on the earth.
There are many other types of humans-
No one survived the fight with Homosapiens.
I looked in the mirror,
Neanderthal species in good health,
Sitting, keeping eyes on my eyes-
I say as homo-sapiens,
How dare you-?
You are still alive staring into my eyes!
I thought,
Then the war is not over yet!

My shadow

Trust me.
Where there am I standing
Sun never goes down.
I have a hidden treasure
Nobody knows
That's my shadow.

It has a center point
Sometimes, it goes to the west
Sometimes it goes to the east
The sun round all the moments
I don't know how and when the cycle started.
Let me say my dream
I found my shadow
On the sky
On all-stars, I could see around
On clouds flying with my shadow
On the mountains
In forests
And believe me
Rivers flow with my shadow
To the oceans
Even in the deserts
And all I see is nothing but my shadow.

I know
 What you wrote to date
 And you are writing
 And what you are going to write
 All about my shadow
 How my shadow is moving forward
 From west to east...
 But all moments remain in dark
 All stories of overcoming challenges by human
 Under the cover of fairy tales of angels.
 And all angels created by you
 Even their names...
 All kept in my shadows
 And what you see around
 Small flowers, bees, and birds smell
 All living around you...
 You will find them in my shadow...

On the plain

When I climbed to the top of the mountain,
 I stood facing the sun,
 To my right is the boundless sea,
 Desert to my left,
 Mountains and forests before me,
 And the green plain behind me!
 Clouds of the sky
 Drenched me!
 In the Twilight Dark-
 At east-
 I saw the moon
 Starry sky on the clear horizon.
 A star sparks down from the sky,
 Got fell on the plain with a long flaming tail—
 Seems someone told something- there-
 I came here looking for someone.
 And that fallen star—
 The fire signal told me like a light wave...
 come down here
 I'm on the plain...

We are all life

As you easily,
Define inanimate and life-
I can't!
Whatever you explain as much as,
I listen quietly-
I don't understand anything,
A word or a letter!

I feel very stupid,
Feel cursed to myself,
In this sensible world-
Why am I so stupid?

I hear-
Breath of trees and leaves,
I hear breathe of the sea,
I hear breathe of the mountain-

Once in the solitude of a forest
With saints - in solitary meditation -
I could hear the breath of the earth-
That very moment from, I'm in the maze-

Easy to understand like you
I have lost myself-
I know a small country
Where the sea, the mountain, and the desert
Together forever in perfect friendship-
My Favorite - my land mind -

When I'm alone
Lonely at night
In the atrium
Lovely Jasmin flowers
Spreads- a wonderful scent
And the earthen tub-
Sleeps with smells
Like a mother in a child's lap.

As you know, at the foot of the hills
Behind the rock
Flowers bloom in the grass
As I walk beside them-
I feel the mountains have been there for many years
Which send me a dream wave
Say- come here -
I have cast shadows on the east and west
And my love for North and South -

And sand silica says,
Do you know
At night,
The moon tells us the fairy tales of the sky!

I think so.
Inanimate and animate live only to you-
Those who are hindered by the chain of definition-

I have no definition
See,
I'm a hill in of my mind,
Or sand-
Or a beach of colored stones
Or at the foot of the mountain
In the shade under the rock
A grass flower!

There is no such thing as inanimate.
We are all life!

Zero

I am in love with you
And lovely days were going
All of a sudden, I discovered one day
I became a stone.

I discovered one day
And you
Avoiding me again and again
You went bankrupt.

***Kahnu, how can you say this is life?**

Dying
Sadness
Boringness
On the way to separation
The journey of loneliness
Does it call life?

The flower that blooms
In the leaves of the vines of the forest
Doesn't see
It's seeds
Grow as a bush again
Bloomed flowers again-

How do you call it life Kanhu?
The moon dies in the night
In the heat of the sun
All dew drops dry up
No one has to recite
About the light of fireflies
The story of the night ends in the night-
How do you say Kanhu - this is life.

That river Ghat
I saw the rush one day
It has also changed-

Hide under the ground
Fog
Or under the cover of a boat
Dreams of clay lamps
When the sun has erased the drought -
Kanhu, how to say this is life!

Random soot
The mind that walks the path
It has no past
No future
There is no sky
There is no underworld
There is no north and south
No east or west
On somewhere on the way of time
When did you lose your way?
Roaming alone on an unknown path

Kanhu, how do you say this is life?

* Bengali poet of ninth century.

Belongs

As if I ever cried!
Tears flew like clouds,
When they left me!

In the boundless sky
Aimless -
They flew away crying-
The forest below them
was in the spring
A flash of sleep falls on them!
in a dream
in the sea
in salt water
Someone floats alone-
The word is very familiar.

I think... I think I think
I am that... floating

Floated

Cloud- Imprisoned mind, people, forest, Sea
Mountains and deserts-
Everything is float!
Every moment I remain forget this my body
So strange am I?
My place seems to me unknown!
Of life
Seven melodies
Seven colors
Seven senses
Everything is like the salt of various tastes
How much sense of tears
How much sense of sweat
In the water
Sense of salt!
Captive of cloud
All are float
Mountain of salt
Harsh desert air
Ocean...
Cloud
All clouds
Sun, Moon
And all the stars in the sky

My forest, my spring
And my desert, and my mountain
Fly round and round
You and me
Walk
With hope, despair, happiness, sadness
Indistinct union of separation
On the salty road
Imprisoned in cloud
Life with
Seven melodies
Seven colors
Seven senses
With various flavors of salt
Floated!

Rebirth

How to happen rebirth
I don't know!
The river, that dies
How its stories survive-
On the tips of the grasses
In the morning as dew?
No one knows-
Only knows the dawn!
But listen to me-
I know,
How a tune
Make a flute awake
with lovely melody-
That flute eaten by worm many years ago...
Listen dear-
I did not see my birth
But saw-
Rebirth of mine-
My dead river
Then the grass
Then flowers
Then the bees
Then the melody
Then the song
Then wakes up
A dead soul!

Sometimes

Sometimes in lonely nights,
The mountain comes flew and sits on my chest!
Sometimes lonely nights,
A strong sea storm flows inside my chest!

Sometimes lonely nights,
The sky dazzles with more moons and stars!
Sometimes my lonely night,
Like overcast with clouds, rain, and lightning, a muddy
or stony ancient world?
Where there is no forest-
No flowers-
No fragrance-
There is no river!

Only the burning of a nameless world,
And meteor showers,
I am like a pre-primary numeric book,
Reading aloud - on the desert sands,
Counting on my index finger-
Alone-
Ever adding-
Ever multiplying
Ever division
sometimes-
Subtraction!

The wall

1.
In this world-
We were all mostly ignored human groups!
The sky is above our head
Moon-sun, stars!
And on the soil
The sea,
The forest-flowers-leaves,
Rivers, mountains,
Deserts
And a pile of ice,
There was-
Animals-
Birds -
And Insects-
We were all neighbors!
All of ours-
We just have a sky!
All of ours,
We just have a sky!
All of ours,
We just have a sky!

and-
Above the sea flows,
The atmosphere -
For all of us!
We are children of one mother
We call this world-
Our mother!

2.
We were all together
Walked side by side with life,
Millions of years,
Just a sky overhead,
The moon,
The sun
And breathe from the same air!
We know the colors,
We recognize the tone,
We know the taste,
We know the light,
We know darkness,
Together -
All of us as well.

3.
We have now learned to build castles!
I called the forts
Civilized man,
Wildlife,
Aquatic animals!
We drew the boundaries -
Forest,
Sea,
The river,
So many more!
For example-
Nation,
Country,
Group,
Color...
We are different
We live in different efforts
And every day
We draw new boundaries
And build the walls of the forts.

However-
We only have one sky overhead,
A moon,
A sun
A breath!
We are all neighbors!

Moonlit Night Caravan

Let's constitute a team
The name would be Moonlit Night Caravan
So more boundaries we drew around
And we have locked ourselves away
First work to delete boundary.
The limits of our pride
The limits of our racism
The limits of our religion
The limits of our sense of race
The limits of our economy
The limits of our education
We created unnecessary boundaries, that,
We have been locked inside.
It is said that we have been rounded by shackles
Our mind
Our conscience
Our thoughts
Our consciousness
We are all completely blocked now!
Let's organize a group
The name would be Moonlit Night Caravan
Caravan of human peace
We shall remove all ego boundaries
And I will shake hands
Hug Chest to chest
The name would be Moonlit Night Caravan

